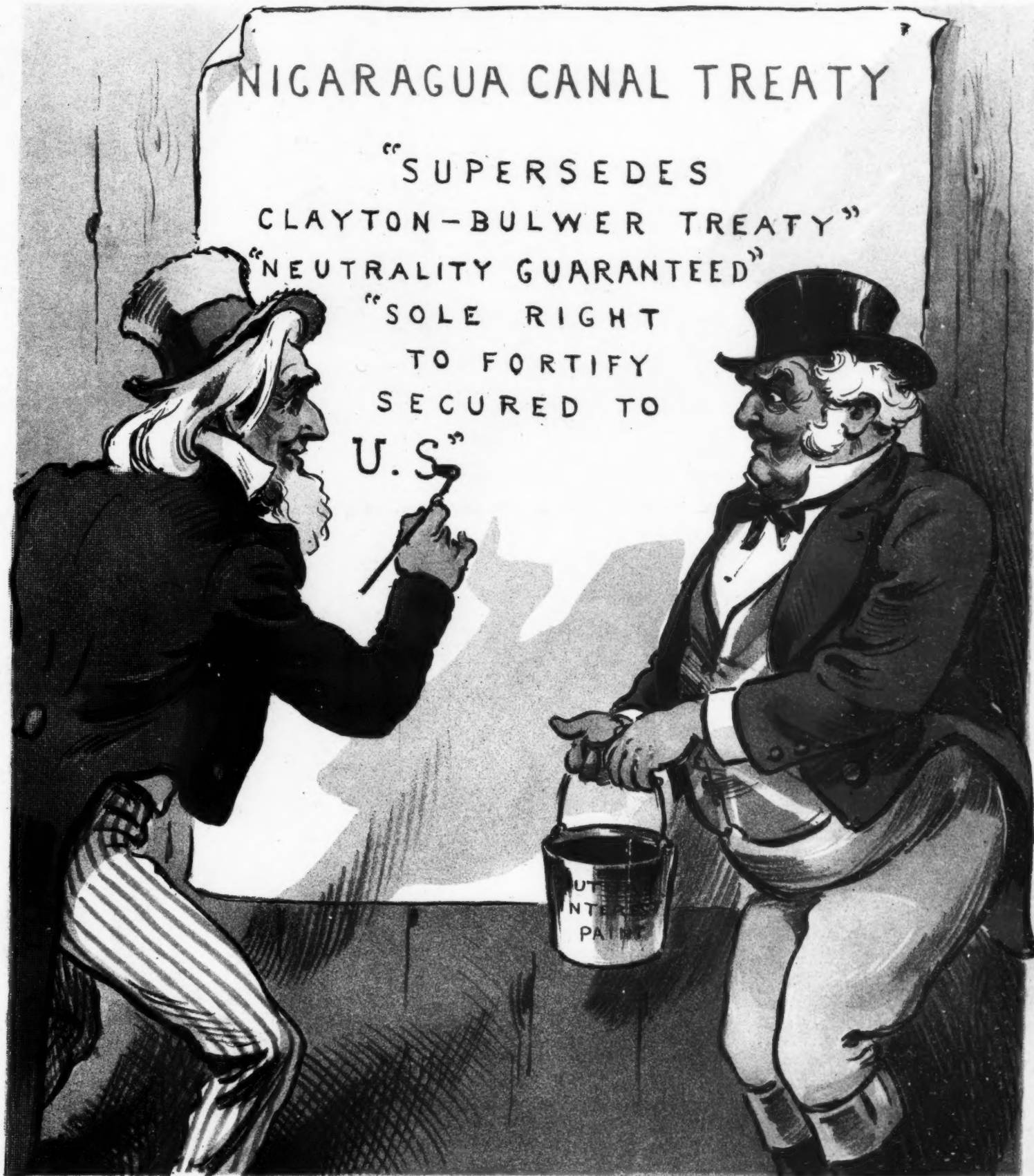


Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE CANAL SITUATION.

JOHN BULL.—Have your own way, Sam;—we can't afford to be enemies!



AT THE MUSEUM.

NANNY-GOAT.—Come away, Billy, quick! Don't you see that creature has swallowed a goat, all but his horns!

WAITING.

8.00

HERE in the parlor I sit;
"In a moment or two she'll be down;"
Of course, she must prink just a bit—
The prettiest girl in town!
I mark her light step overhead
As she gives at the glass a last touch—
Yet I'll wager, be cheeks ne'er so red,
She's guiltless of rouge jar, or such

8.15.

Heigh-ho! 'T is a quarter past, now!
She knew that I'd call sharp at eight;
It's a little vexatious, I vow.
I hope we're not doomed to be late!
But, then—tho' a goddess, a queen—
A woman, at best, is she, still,
Predestined to make, all serene,
Man wait or bestir, at her will

8.30.

Eight-thirty! Great Cæsar! Come on,
Young lady; we're missing the fun.
A round dozen garbs could I don
While you have been fussing with
one.
And this is "a moment or two!"
Don't hurry, I beg—or deem that
I had other amusements in view
Than sitting here twirling my hat!

8.45.

A quarter to nine! Faith and Love!
It's more than I'll stand, I declare!
I—Ah! There's a rustle above,
A froufrou of silk on the stair.
She's coming—a quarter to nine!
I must smile and pretend, I suppose,
But I'll never—By Jove! She's
divine!
God bless her! As sweet as a rose!
Edwin L. Sabin.

IF RIGHT makes might, there must be a good deal of merit on both sides of the Anglo-Boer controversy.

A CORRECTION.

In railway wrecks it does n't fit
The purpose to the letter
To say two trains are "telescoped,"—
Kaleidoscoped seems better.

QUITE APPROPRIATE.

LITTLE CLARENCE (*who has an inquiring mind*).—Pa, what is the motto of Rhode Island?

MR. CALLIPERS.—"Always room for one more," I presume.

A SUFFICIENT REASON.

FARMER MOSSBACKER.—What's the object in organizin' a new political party, anyhow?

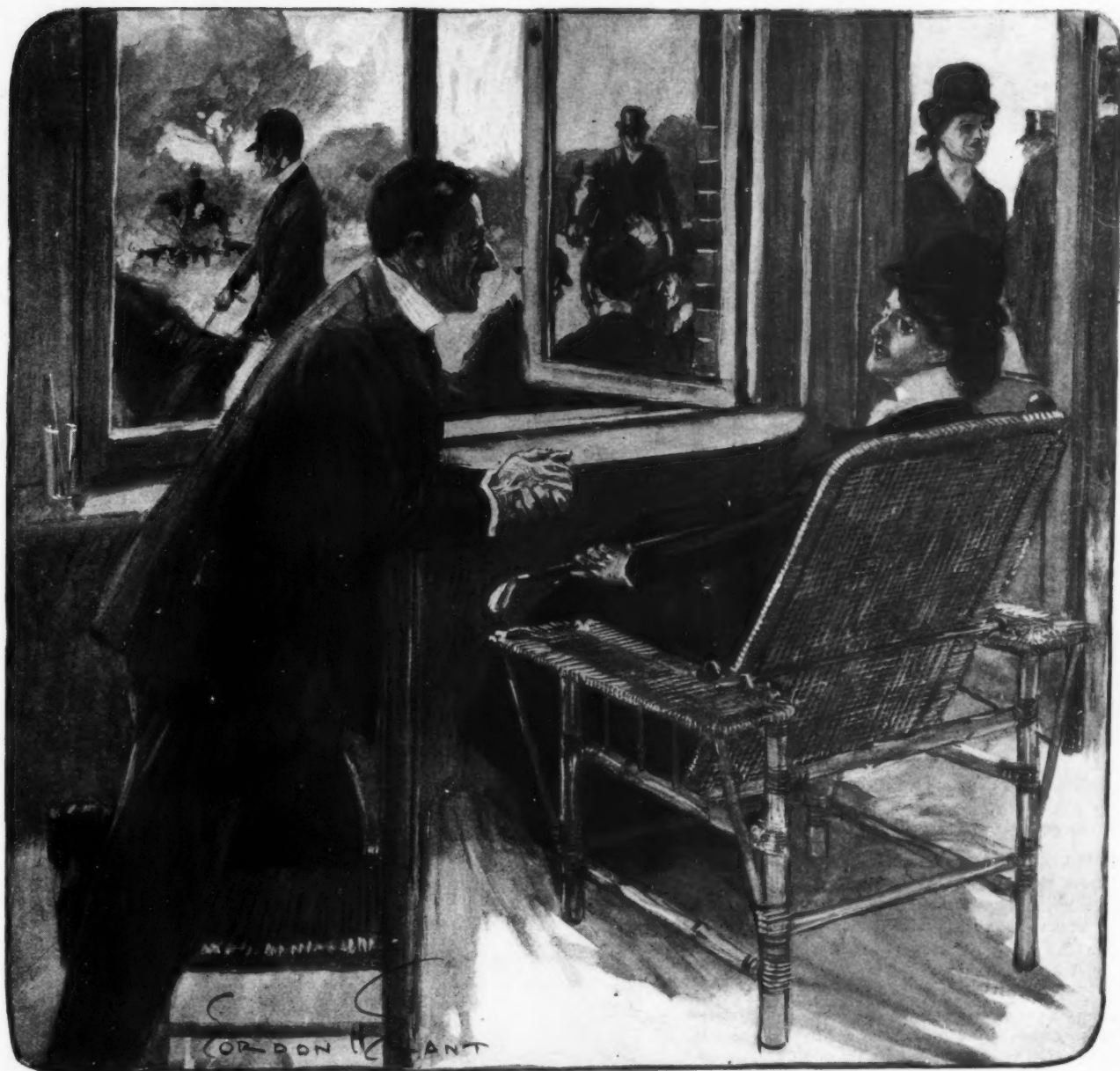
FARMER STACKPOLE.—Why,—Good gosh, Lyman!—there's a whole lot of fellers that can't git office in either of the old parties!

SOME REFORMERS, in trying to make the world better, merely succeed in making it uncomfortable.



SUFFICIENT CAUSE.

"The extra's about some society dude, boss."
"What did he do?"
"I dunno; but he did something! That's why they got out the extra!"



PERHAPS NOT.

MISS BRUSH.—You don't consider the aniseed bag an improvement on the fox?
 JACK HUNTER.—Why, I don't know that anybody does except the fox!

THE GROWLS OF A GRIZZLED BACHELOR.



MOSES WAS the meekest man;—there never was any meekest woman.
 We don't need chaperons half so much as we need chaperons for chaperons.
 One reason why some women want to get married is to show other women that they can.
 Marriage is indeed a lottery;—the only lucky gamblers are those that don't play.
 It is absolutely dangerous to tell a woman she is handsome, unless you intend to keep it up.
 The best way to utilize an ideal husband is to have him stuffed. He is of no account for anything else.
 There is an old saying that before a man is married he is only half a man. Well, after he is married he is nobody at all.
 When a woman promises to tell a man everything she does n't mean everything that has happened, but everything she happens to think of.
 The average woman demands that when she fancies she feels a draft on the back of her neck a man shall get up and shut the window, even if they are on a raft in the middle of an ocean.
 PUTTING the dollar before the man is probably the incentive in that great forward movement we hear so much about nowadays.

PARADOXICAL.

SALLY GAY.—After he had kissed you good-night for the last time I suppose he took just one more?
 DOLLY SWIFT.—Oh, yes! Several dozen one-mores, in fact!

THE BIRD'S SENTIMENTS.

THE TURKEY.—Dear me! Although I've been told that bean-shooter wounds are not necessarily fatal I can't help feeling a bit nervous!

HIS COMMENT.

"I can't help thinkin'," said old Farmer Broadhead, a trifle sarcastically, "that, if he was guilty of all the cuttin's-up that have been laid to him under the general headin' of 'Jeffersonian simplicity,' the late Thomas Jefferson was not merely simple, as charged, but downright idiotic!"



SIZED THEM UP WRONG.

"I owe my downfall," said the convict, "to errors of judgment."
 "To errors of judgment?" said the visitor.
 "Yes. I was the cashier of a bank and I did n't know the value of my poker hands."

PUCK



HIS VIEWS.

"Very swell affair," said the fox, glancing over his shoulder at the hunting party; "but I have no desire to be mentioned among those present." And he made tracks accordingly.

"SONGSMITHS."

(As related by the junior member of the firm of Bilkins & Biff.)

"BILKINS," says Biff, "t' me th' other day, 'I'm sick o' this rough-house knockabout work, an' I'm a-goin' to quit it,' he says, 'once for all, an' go in for somethin' higher an' more upliftin'.'"

"Ah!" says I. "An' what might ye be goin' in for? Th' general managership o' some freight-elevator?" I says.

"No," says he, ignorin' my sarcasm. "I see here a advertisement for a team o' illustrated-song artists, an' I'm for tryin' after it," says he. "You could easy learn t' work th' picture machine," he says, "whilst I would make good with th' warblin'."

"Which it states, 'Apply on preffessional paper only,'" says I, lookin' th' advertisement over.

"That 's all right!" says Bilkins. "We can have ours altered thuswise," he says, flashin' at me th' followin':

JULIUS—BILKINS & BIFF—PETER F.

~~Knockabout Comedy Sketch Team~~
Songsmiths.

"What 'll you do for songs?" says I. "Cop out a bunch o' th' old-timers?"

"I 'll cop nothin'," says he, "t' use your vulgar mode o' expression. I 'll write me own songs," he says.

"Aw, come off, Bilk!" says I. "You can't write verse."

"May be not," says he, somewhat nettled; "but I can write slush," he says, "which is mainly what th' theayter-goin' public seems t' relish."

"What about th' music?" I says.

"I 'll compose some this afternoon," says he.

"All right, Bilk, me boy!" says I. "If you can write th' songs an' set th' same t' neat an' appropriate music sawed into proper stove-lengths," I says, "far be it from me t' refuse t' butt in with my little feeble efforts. When will you start?"

says I. "About the 35th?"

"No time like th' present," says he, reachin' for th' writin' paper. "First," he says, "we want a good 'Mother' song. What would you suggest for a title?" says he.

"His Last Words Were, 'O Mother!' Afore They Took Him Off t' Jail," says I. "How would that do?"

"No," says he. "We wants a song about a girl. I've been thinkin' of a good name, an' I believe I 'll call it, with your permission," he says, "'Th' Girl I Used t' Know in Days Gone by.'"

"That 's me, Julius, me child!" says I. "Fire away!"

"Well," says he, writin' away, "'One cold day in Winter—'"



TOO PAINFUL.

"Mrs. Isaacs told me her husband would not go by der opera no more. It almost maigs him veep."

"Vy should it maig him veep?"

"Vell, he gan't bear to see all dem great singers—some of dem maigin' as much moneysh in a week as Isaacs maigs in two mont's."

PUCK

"Make it Summer, Bilk," says I. "A cold day in Summer will hit 'em where they lives."

"One cold day in Winter," says he, ignorin' me, "I was walkin' down a city street—"

"Would ye walk down a city cowpath?" says I, innocent-like.

"May be in some cities I might!" says he, very cross. "An' if you don't stop interruptin' of me, Biff," he says, "I'll try for a fall out of you."

He continues —

"One cold day in Winter I was walkin' down a city street,

When there upon th' sidewalk I chanced t' spy
A sight that carried me back again t' boyhood's happy days —

'T was a girl I used t' know in days gone by.'

"Now for the chorus," he says. An' in a few minutes he hands th' same over t' me.

CHORUS — "In days gone by I used t' know sweet Sal,
When we were both working on the farm;
It made my heart beat faster to see her once again —

The girl I used to know in days gone by.'

"How's that?" says he.

"Fine!" says I. "I did n't know ye had it in ye, Bilk," says I; "but very glad I am ye got it out, because it must be painful," I says.

"Well," he says, "we needs another verse. Now I has a interview with th' lady," he says; "an' what would she want?" he says.

"Perhaps t' borry th' price o' a cheese sandwich?" I suggested.

"Here we goes again," says he, scribblin' away, an' then readin' aloud:

"When first I saw her she took me by surprise;

In fact, I did n't know what t' do or think.

'What are you doin' here?' I said, an' she did make reply —"

"An' she did make reply —," he hums. "What would you suggest, Biff?" says I. "Somethin' with Mother in it; sad, an' at th' same time characteristic."

I suggests —

"What are ye doin' here, I said, an' she did make reply —
I'm pawnin' Mother's wig t' buy a drink."

"How would that do?" says I. "Can't get nothin' sadder than that. Think o' th' old lady there at home — no wig — an' even deprived o' her rightful share o' th' tod," I says.

"Faugh! Biff," says Bilkins, "you do be gettin' foolisher every day. What's th' matter with this?" he says, after ponderin' for a minute or two:

"O Jack! I'm standin' on perdition's yawnin' brink!"

"That's all right," I says, "except that your name ain't Jack; an', besides, I thought she was standin' on Broadway, when you seen her," says I.

"Peace, imbecile!" says he. "That will do th' trick, an' so far so good."

"Is that all t' th' song?" says I. "What will you do in th' remote contingency o' a encore?"

"Sing th' last verse an' chorus as often as they'll stan' for it," says he. "An' now I'll compose some incidental music."

Now, th' only musical instrument what our establishment boasts of is a large comb, an' upon this Bilkins proposes t' work out th' air, as he calls it, notin' same down as he goes along.



THEIR USES.

ACTRESS'S SON. — Mama, what are "courts of law" for?

ACTRESS. — Advertising, my dear! Now, run away and play; — do!

"One cold day in Winter I was walkin' down a city street,

Carr-r-h, t-zoop, t-zim, t-zim, t-zoop, t-zim —

When there upon th' sidewalk I chanced to spy —

Carr-r-rh, t-zoop, t-zim, t-zoop, t-zee —

A sight that carried me back again t' boyhood's happy days, —

Carr-r-rh, t-zim, t-zoop, t-zim, t-zoop; —

'T was a girl I used to know in days gone by —

Carr-r-r-r-rh —"

Jus' then there was a heavy rap on th' door, an' Bilkins stops short an' turns very pale. We both preserves a discreet silence; but that did n't go with our landlady.

"Open th' door!" she says, in a vigorous voice, an' we opens it pretty quick.

"Mr. Bilkins," says she, "I'm a lone widdier woman."

"Ah!" says Bilkins, bowin' his most elegant. "That, Madam, is your misfortune rather than your fault."

"But," says she, as she rose up about two foot,

"you can't turn this house into no boiler factory. An' if I hears any more disturbance," she says, "Mr. Bilkins an' Mr.

Biff, out you both goes, with th' exception o' your trunks, which I'll hold for that triflin' matter o' fourteen weeks' board." After which, an' with a threatenin' look, she takes her departure.

I looks at Bilkins awhile; an' then, seizin' his prefessional paper, I makes a slight alteration an' hands it to him.

He offers no comment; but the same reads:

Julius — BILKINS & BIFF — Peter F

~~Knockabout Comedy Sketch Team~~

Songsmiths.

Black.

"Let's go pawn Mother's wig t' buy a drink, Bilk," I says; an' we straightway goes.

W. S. Adkins.



A REJECTED OPPORTUNITY.

"Jest look at him, Mister!"

"Yes. I would n't mind paying five dollars for him."

"Five dollars? Say, I could have got more 'n dat for a reward an' no questions axed!"

FREEMAN. — They say that Ketcham has an iron will.

MOHRMAN. — Then his wife must be a blacksmith.



SOMETHING ELSE.

"There 's lots of fun skating, Mister!"
 "Do you call this fun?"
 "No; and I don't call it skating!"



A PROMISE AND A THREAT.

"Let me have it cheap an' I 'll bring de hull gang here!"
 "But, mein friendt, I gan't reduce dot brice!"
 "Well, if you don't let me have it cheap I 'll bring de hull gang here!"

LIMITATIONS.

"A very good reporter, I believe?"
 "He has his limitations. He 's as yellow as any of 'em at the beginning of an article, but toward the end he weakens. I 've known him to spoil two columns of drivel with a paragraph of sense at the last!"

SOME ARE WORTH CULTIVATING.

HE.—What do you think about the microbes in kisses theory?
 SHE (*cheerfully*).—I 've heard that we could n't get along without certain kinds of microbes.

HARD LINES.

MR. HUSKINBY (*with paper*).—Wal, by gosh! Here 's an account uv a feller who writ *forty thousand* words on an ordinary postal card.
 MRS. HUSKINBY.—Gracious sakes alive! It 's too bad somebody did n't lend him the other cent so 's he could have bought a stamp.



MODUS CURANDI.

"But since I came into the true way," the Christian Scientist continued, "my dreadful insomnia is a thing of the past. Now, when I find myself wakeful at night, I have my husband get up and read aloud from Mrs. Eddy's book, while I strive to free my mind from error, and it is n't any time at all until I fall asleep!"

IT is much better to agree to what you know is not so than to argue with a person who does n't know anything about it.

PUCK



PUCK

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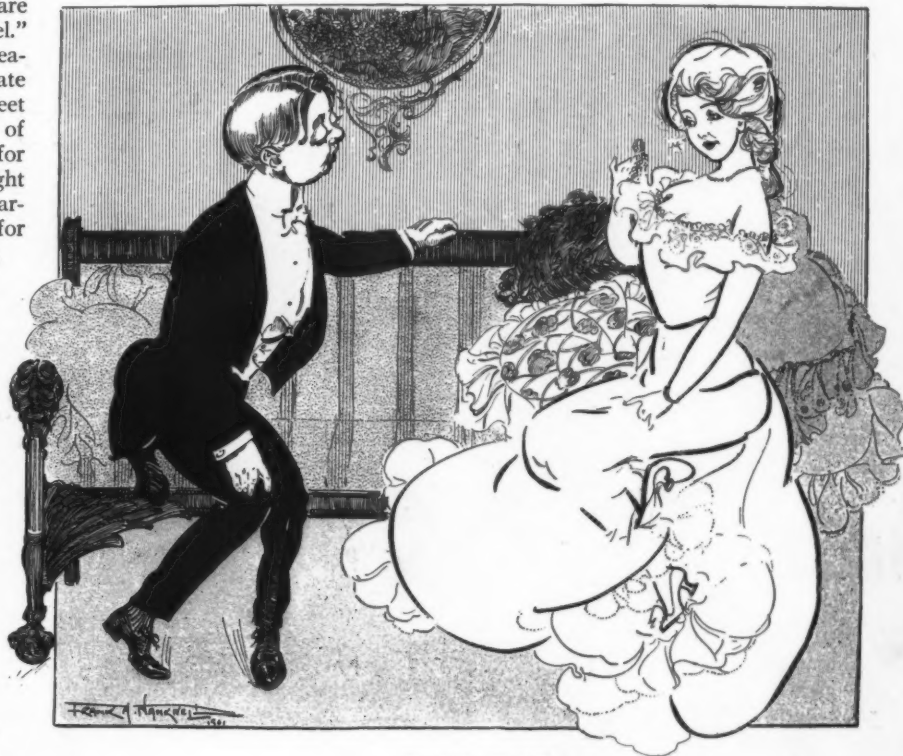
THE CANAL AT LAST. AMERICAN DIPLOMACY has opened the way for an Isthmian canal, and American enterprise will now proceed to the comparatively simple and easier task of building it. What with statesmen whose affection for certain railroads disabled them from thinking of a canal without aversion, and what with simpler minded people who saw in the idea only a fiendish European device for getting the upper hand of us in that big war that is always coming, it looked for a time as if the canal never would be dug unless talking would do it. But the railroad lobbyists seem to have been beaten; and, for the satisfaction of the war-fearing persons, the new treaty provides that we may line both sides of the canal with our biggest guns if we wish to. So it looks now as if the greatest enterprise of modern times would be put through without any more nonsense. Tribute is due to Secretary Hay for his superior tact in the treaty negotiations and to our British cousins for their extremely cordial manner of bowing to this particular phase of the inevitable.

THE SEA-SERPENT SPOTTED. IT SEEMS that the existence of the sea-serpent may no longer be questioned. A specimen has been seen in the ordinary routine of duty by an observer of marine events for the hydrographic office, who records the facts in a dry, official style that coerces belief. "At 11 A.M. to day in Latitude 27 deg. 26 min. North and Longitude 90 deg. 18 min. West, passed a large sea-serpent about 100 feet long." Beside the unprepossessing features usually noted in sea-serpent apocrypha this beast had "a blunt, square nose" and "on its back was a series of humps like a camel." This ought to settle it. The last previous report of a sea-serpent came from Maine in May of this year. The mate of the bay coaster "Kitty Lawry" then saw one forty feet long with head and glossy arched neck eight feet out of water, "making twelve miles an hour and heading for Camden." Yet there were two circumstances that might have led experienced newspaper readers to regard this narrative as unhistoric: the creature, although heading for Camden at the decent speed of twelve miles an hour, never reached there; and the mate's name was Charles E. Drinkwater. In the present instance we find no excuse for doubt. The hydrographer has entered this sea-serpent in his log as unemotionally as he would a fishing schooner. There is not even the corroborative testimony of his crew, nor the assertion that the observer is a man of unimpeachable veracity; nothing, in fact, to cast doubt upon the story. The sea-serpent is now duly and solemnly attested in the archives of the government.

THE PERILS OF LIFE. ABOVE the earth M. Santos-Dumont sails in his air-ship. Under the waters of the earth Mr. Holland gives house-parties, resting his submarine boat snugly on the bed of the ocean for fifteen hours. On the earth the automobile has worried the mile record down under fifty-two seconds. The value of the submarine boat is still held by many to be unproved, but the development of the air-ship, along with the automobile must be considered as nothing less than Providential. If a practicable air-ship is not put within reach of the masses the masses will have to stay within reach of the automobile; and

in that event, the law of the survival of the fittest being unrepealed, there will be no masses. For not many of us can dodge at the rate of a mile in fifty-one seconds. An automobilist had the bad judgment not long ago to collide with a locomotive on the Long Island Railroad, but they rarely make such mistakes. They prefer the plain people as buffers, and, not content with the sparsely-settled country districts, they come into the city for good hunting. As nothing but the air-ship will remedy this evil, any improvement in its details should be eagerly welcomed. And when collisions between air-ships have become frequent, it will be time enough for the lover of life to take up submarine boating.

THE "OPEN" SUNDAY. UNQUESTIONABLY the most astounding phenomenon of the time, hereabouts, is the discussion of an "open" Sunday in terms meant to indicate that the day is not already as "open" as it possibly could be. In face of the fact that there never has been in this city any practical restriction of Sunday liquor-selling, the Church Temperance Society gravely adopts a resolution to oppose the legalizing of it because "any increase of opportunity for poor men to spend their money in liquor saloons would be an evil;"—as if any law could by any chance increase any man's present opportunities to purchase liquor on Sunday. The American Sabbath Union has uttered something on the subject about equally foolish, and numerous clergymen have shown the same inability to get the fact by its handle. A few up-State legislators, including Senator Platt, have also declared for the "American Sabbath." As for Senator Platt and the Republican machine-politicians, they will, of course, be found opposing any effort to legalize the "open" Sunday just as bitterly as Mr. Croker and the blackmailers of Tammany will oppose it, and for precisely the same reason: that to legalize Sunday opening would at once disintegrate the saloon-vote and weaken the bi-partisan ring that by hook and crook manages to rule this city seventeen years out of twenty. Platt and Croker, be it remembered, will oppose Sunday opening merely because they are tricksters, and desire for this city no better government than they can give it under the corrupt system which has so long prevailed. But it ought to be possible for the men who honestly oppose Sunday opening—in the sincere belief that it would increase the sale of liquor or the opportunities to buy it—to inform themselves of the real state of affairs. The "American Sabbath" which these men would preserve is in this city a day when every saloon opens its side-door and pays the politicians for the privilege in money and influence. But surely this fraud and blackmail are no more American than the well-meaning but perverse ignorance that would foster them.



PLAIN TALK.

CHAPPIE.—I am beside myself to-night.
SHE.—You look bored.



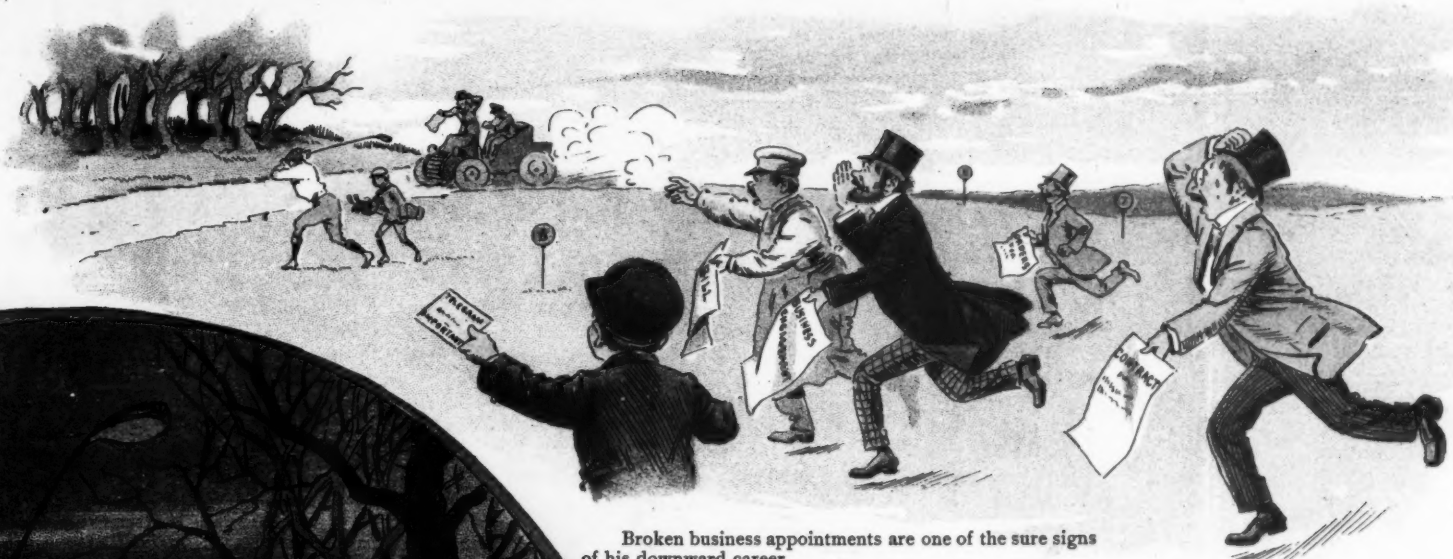
Always eager to illustrate his "drives" to any chance acquaintance.



No family ties can hold the "golfomaniac" at his fireside—and the result is the "golf widow."



The tearful pleadings of Father, come home with me golf-crazed mind.



Broken business appointments are one of the sure signs of his downward career.



Tearful pleadings of his offspring of "Father, dear come home with me now," have no effect on his d mind.



Woe to the victim who is lured to the den of the golfomaniac to inspect his trophies.



The sad but logical consequence: a padded cell and—visions!

PUCK



EXISTENCE.

GENTLE READER, do not be so gentle. Brace up and be hearty. Come into the game. Take some chips. Life is short, but, on the other hand, it is certainly disappointing. Be friendly and have friends. Socrates thought well of having friends. Why despise Socrates? Would that I had space to say a word for him. He thought well of friends, and his own career shows how much better they are than enemies. Getting friends is not hard: it is easy. It is like the enterprise of getting a string of buttons into which we plunged headlong years ago. You will remember, ardent reader, that you had no trouble in getting a string of buttons. You got a button by giving a button. Sometimes you were offered a pretty poor button, and you did not feel like a trade, but half the time you got the best of it. And you got a string of buttons. Get a string of friends. You have as good a right to friends as anyone else. Go out and claim them. Call everybody John and Jim and Joe. Don't wait ten years to call a man Joe. It does n't take an order of court to call a man Joe. He will like it all the better if you call him Joe on the second meeting. He will think there is something free and friendly about him. Call somebody Pete and have somebody to call Jake. Don't be backward with the capitalist: call him Mack. Call the banker Hank. Everybody will chime right in and call you Dave, like those good, little synchronous telegraph instruments that always answer to the true note. And always be glad to see people. Don't hand out an exact formal greeting to a man as if it were an accurate segment of cold pie. And be full of glee, uncounterfeited glee. Have it about you in tens and twenties. It is merry in hall when beards wag all. Jog on, jog on the footpath way, and merrily hent the stile-a. Be jocular and gay, and if you can not be anything else, be noisy. Sing songs, old ones or new ones, good ones or bad ones, only sing them loud. Dance a step, and the worse it is the better it will show your good will.

Life is a wine from the world-old tun,
A night together, and all is done.

Dance and sing and make merry. You will like everybody and you will be surprised at the result. And everybody will like you and they will be surprised at the result. And you will have on your monument—Ed the sculptor will design the scroll and Bill the handy-man will write the rhymes:

This the lesson and this the screed:
When that he lived he lived indeed;
When he was dead as a kit of smelts
He was no deader than anyone else.



HIS OBJECT.

ETHEL.—They say Jack Huggins is plunging recklessly in Wall Street.

PENELOPE.—Yes! He hopes to either make enough to buy Christmas gifts or lose enough to have an excuse for not buying any!

THE FOOT-BALL GIRL.

"Have you got a lock of Jack Halfback's hair?" asked the sweet, young thing, rooting for Princeton.

"No," responded the girl in the Yale sweater; "but he gave me a piece of scalp and a lock of hair from Mr. Rusher, the fullback on the Columbia Eleven."

NOT EASY.

"My! I think your mother would be worried if she saw you!"

"Well, it's pretty hard for a boy to get along without worrying his mother!"

IN BOHEMIA.

FIRST BOHEMIAN.—I am wondering where that last five went!

SECOND BOHEMIAN.—That's a bad habit to get into! The next thing, you'll be wondering where the next five is to come from!

WHEN THE sun has ceased its watch to keep
The earth turns over and goes to sleep.



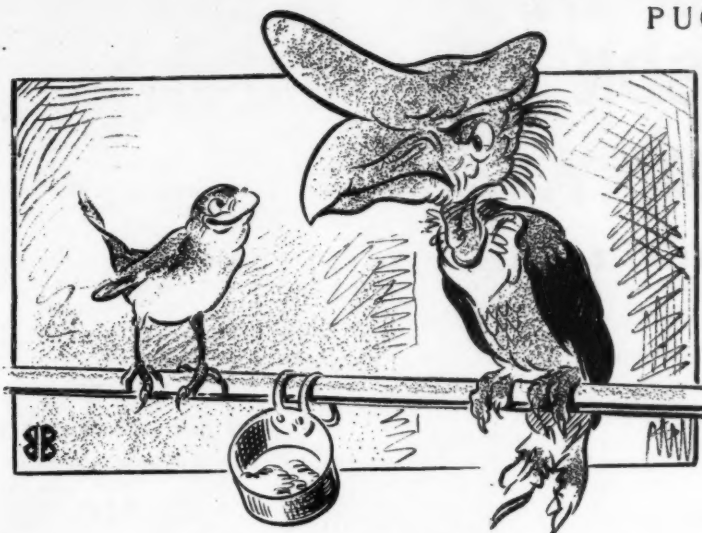
A WARNING.

"I ain't had much luck yet."

"Well, you'll have great luck if you ain't laid up with another attack of rheumatism!"



PUCK



NATURAL CURIOSITY.

THE SPARROW (*to the Hornbill*).—Please, Mister, what time do you dine? My sister wants to see how you manage it!

THE HAT OF HIS GRAND-DADDY.

BY WILLY JIMPSON.

(Published by the Dollary Publishing Co.)

THE GREATEST HISTORICAL NOVEL OF MODERN LITERATURE.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—With regard to this wonderful production two things seem worthy of remark: *i. e.*, that the talented author is not yet ten years of age; and that while Beezum Flats is drawn with an almost unerring pencil, yet the gifted young author never has visited the historic old burg, but drew his "color" chiefly from the perusal of a few back-numbers of the Beezum Flats *Clarion-Whoop*, developing his work from this slight foundation by what must certainly seem a most remarkable intuitive process.

CHAPTER I.

A man with a big sword was walking down Main Street in Beezum Flats. Behind him pursued the villain, dark-eyed



HE PICKS A FLAW.

"Now, what objection can any reasonable man have to our religion?"

"U'm—the sermons."

But the other was a more ignorant woman; it was Barbara Frietchie, hanging out the wash in her side-yard. When she saw the horrible peril of the Father of Our Country, she yelled in a sweet, clear, mellow voice:

"George! George Washington! Benedict Arnold is a-sneakin' up behind you a-tryin' to stick you with a butcher knife!"

Moved by these thrilling words of warning, the man with the sword whirled on his heel just as the villain was about to strike the dastardly blow.

Benedict, seeing that he was foiled, muttered, "Foiled again!" between his shut teeth, and running around the corner of Benjamin Franklin's grocery store, leaped upon a fast freight and was soon safe in Chicago.

NETTLING.

I was not successful in the attempt to eject the cook from my house.

But what nettled me was the unruffled demeanor of the woman.

"You might at least have the good breeding to act 'put out!'" I cried; and left the kitchen, slamming the door behind me.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY of eating our cake and having it only seems to sharpen our appetite for sweets.



LOTS OF CHOICE.

BRONCO BILL.—Now, de first t'ing Hurricane Dan does to a stranger in town is to touch him fer a loan.

STRANGER (*in Frozen Cat*).—And how shall I get out of it?

BRONCO BILL.—Well, dere 's three ways—either lend all yer money ter me first, or else hold up yer hands and let Dan go through yer, or else draw quicker than Dan does!

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

It is a good deal easier to forget what we ought to know than it is to know what we ought to forget.—*Ram's Horn*.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore, Md.

AFTER IT AND IN IT.

HE.—I saw Mrs. Vannerty going to church last Sunday. She's becoming religious, is n't she?

SHE.—Yes; after a fashion.

HE.—How do you mean "after a fashion?"

SHE.—Just that, exactly. She's got a new Fall gown.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

EVERY widow, even to the three-hundred-pound-limit, imagines that she "makes a pathetic figure in black."—*Atchison Globe*.

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

CLARA.—These Autumnal days make me sad.

CLARENCE.—Oh! Cheer up, dearie; we've got half a load of coal left over from last year.—*Detroit Free Press*.

SOME DAY Niagara Falls will feel like producing a book on "The Fools Who Have Gone Over Me."—*Washington Post*.



APPRECIATED.

ISAACS.—Will you giff me gredit for ten tousand tollars vort off goots?
COHENSTEIN.—Vell, no;—but I'll tell you vot I will giff you gredit for.
ISAACS.—Vot's dot?
COHENSTEIN.—Gall!

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Good champagne repairs waste. If you feel tired try a bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne; bouquet unrivalled.

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A newly-formed literary society in a Georgia town had as a subject for debate, "Who was the best poet—Scott, Byron or Tennyson?"

They had not proceeded far in the argument when a member rose and interrupted as follows:

"I don't want to b'long to no club," he said, "that ain't enterprisin' enough to paternize home business—that puts furriners above home-folks, and I move that we switch in Jinkins, that writ the piece on the Artesian Well an' made ever' line rhyme at the end jest like it knowed what wuz comin'!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

HIPRAHRAH HALFBACK.—The Riproarer 'leven has bought a cannon and four kegs of powder.

HIPRAHRAH FULLBACK.—You're crazy, man! What do they want with a cannon?

HIPRAHRAH HALFBACK.—They're going to shoot the centre rush through our line at the Thanksgiving game.—*Indianapolis News*.

You had better contract your expenditures than stretch your conscience.—*Ram's Horn*.

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THE gentlemen who go up into the Adirondacks and shoot at each other are furnishing the annual amusement to the deer in that region.—*Washington Post*.

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At El Paso tourists for California only, who will leave New York February 25, will join the party, and the Mexican tourists who do not care to go to the Pacific Coast will return to New York. The California party will visit Los Angeles and the Southern California coast resorts, San Francisco, and, on the return trip, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in Arizona. Tourists will have thirteen days in Mexico and nineteen days on the Pacific Coast, the California tour returning to New York on March 27, the whole tour covering forty-five days. The rate, covering all necessary expenses during the entire trip, will be \$575 from points on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburgh. For Mexico only the rate will be \$350, and for California only \$375. The party will travel over the entire route in a special train of Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars, compartment, dining, smoking, and observation cars. California-only tourists will use special cars to El Paso, and Mexico-only passengers will use special cars returning from El Paso. For detailed itineraries and full information address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

It takes a long time to reduce the swelling in a man's head.—*Atchison Globe*.

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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "it looks right good from the front, but if you turn it around and look at the other side, I must say the material seems kind o' cheap." — *Washington Star*.

Lot's wife was turned inter a piller er salt," said the old colored citizen;
"en ef de days er miracles wuz n't pas' en gone I 'd lose my temper some day en ax de Lawd ter turn mine inter a week's groceries!" — *Atlanta Constitution*.

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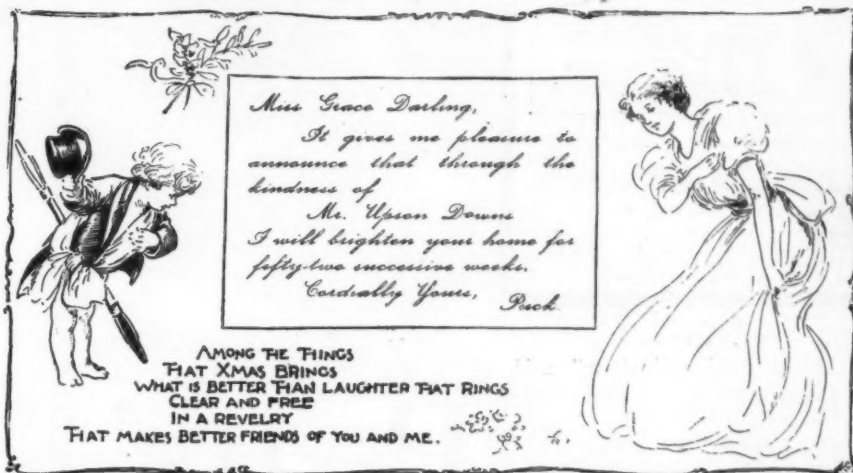
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BISHOP.—Give me the sad details of the torture.
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FEW of us live to learn; and fewer learn to live.—*Wrinkle.*

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"Well, Mister, I was goin' to talk five minutes, but I 'll quit right now if
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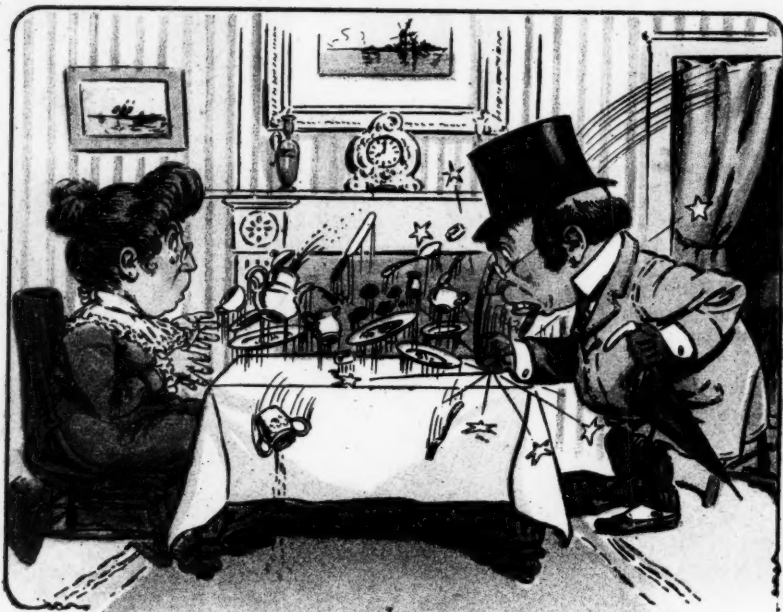
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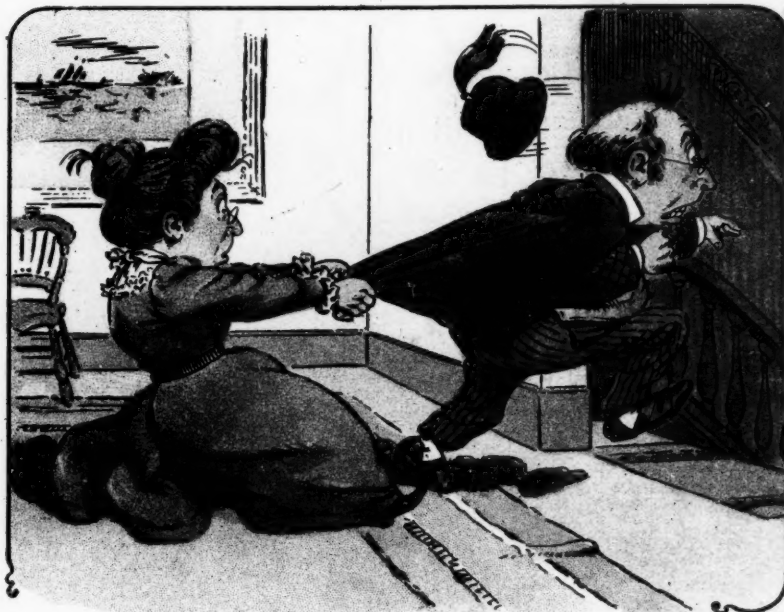
I.
MR. POP.—I tell you, this confounded beau business of Mary's has got to be stopped! I'll be late getting home to-night, and if I find any of them here there'll be trouble!



II.
(Just arrived home).—"Well, I see you've respected my wishes for once. It's like heaven to find none of those sappy dudes here, bawling at the top of their voices!"
(Baritone voice from below, singing).—"Annie Moore—Sweet Annie Moore—I'll never see sweet Annie—"



III.
MR. POP.—Defy me in my own house, will you? Let me get at him!
MRS. POP.—John! John! Let me explain!



IV.
MR. POP.—I'll let you explain! Let go my coat! I'll kick!—



V.
MRS. POP.—O Heavens! He's falling downstairs!



VI.
MR. POP.—Where's that man?
MARY.—That was n't a man, Papa; it was this lovely phonograph, Uncle George sent to me this afternoon for my birthday.